How is it that when some one dies Neglected and alone. A halo by the unfeeling world Is round his mem'ry thrown? They tell his virtues, every one, Their tongues are all united— Such praises, sooner spoken, might Have soothed him ere he died.

They bear him proudly to the grave,
While mourners line the way.
And frugrant Bowers smother deep
The cold, unfeeling clay:
He would unfeeling clay:
He would be a side
In all his life before.

His grave is full of flowers, Exotics rich and rare, Raotes rich and rare, With Mr. Someone's compliments— What does the dead man care? The flowers are very handsome, The colors nicely blent— (The papers give a list of those Who floral tributes sent).

If they had listened ere be died,
They must have heard him moan
For flowers like these that fill his hearse
When he was sick and lone.
The roses might have brought him hope
The lillies, thoughts of May,
He might have gathered strength and beer
Alive and well to-day.
—Toronto World.

YELLOW ROSES.

A Beautiful Resurrection of Youth ful Love.

This yellow rose tree brings a story to my mind.

One evening two years ago I went t spend a few hours with an old lady, amiable, witty, and kind, who lives near me. She is passionately fond of flowers, and you could not conceive the delight I take in making beautiful bouquets for her, or how happy I am in her surprise when I take her a flower that she does not know or which is not common in the

Yesterday when I went in I found an old gentleman with her who came into our neighborhood a year ago to take possession of a large estate which was left him by a distant relative on condition that he should take with the property the name of its former owner. He is called, accordingly, M. Descondraies. He sought an introduction to my old friend, and I soon had reason to be jealous of his attentious to her they formed

ous of his attentions to her; they formed a friendship for each other, and spent almost all their earnings together play-

ing triefrae.
I saluted them quietly in order not to interrupt their game, and then, when it was ended. I offered Mmc. Lorgerel a bouquet of yellow roses which I had

bought.

My roses were very beautiful, al-though the excessive rains of that year had caused the yellow roses to bloom imperfectly; mine, sheltered by the pro-jection of a roof, were perhaps the only perfectly expanded ones in the neigh-borhood. Mme. Lorgerel uttered ex-clamations of delight over the beautiful

bouquet.

M. Descondraies said nothing, but appeared preoccupied. I remarked this with surprise, not understanding the mysterious influence of my vollow roses, but Mme. Lorgerel soon spoke of some thing else, and I thought I must hav been mistaken.

een mistaken. As for M. Descoudraies, he began to

As for M. Descondraies, he began to laugh, and said:
"Would you believe that this bouquet has recalled, as by an operation of magic, a whole epoch of my youth?
"During the last five minutes I have been but twenty years old; within five minutes I have fallen in love anew with minutes I have fallen in love anew with a woman who must now be sixty years old, if she is still living. I must tell you this story; it concerned a circumstance that has had a great influence over my whole life, and whose memory, even to day, when my blood has only just warmth enough to continue life and play trictrac, does not fall to move me

eral reasons. In the first place I did not like a military life, but that would have been an objection easily overcome; the sight of a rich uniform, a few ambitious phrases, a little music would easily have made of me an Achilles or

easily have as a Cresar.

"But I was in love.

"I would not for anything in the world have ventured to mention this to my father. His sole response to such a confidence would have been an order to depart that very night. But I had an uncle. Such an uncle!

an uncle. Such an uncle!

"He was a man then of my present age; but he had remained young, not toward himself, indeed, for never did an old man renounce with a better grace, Satan, his pomps and his deeds, but toward others. He loved young people; he understood-them without being jealous of them. He did not believe that age: but he had remained young, not toward himself, indeed, for never did an old man renounce with a better grace, Satan, his pomps and his deeds, but toward others. He loved young people; he understoods hem without being jealous of them. He did not believe that his infirmities were progress nor his old age necessarily wisdom. Through his kindness of heart and his reason he lived in the happiness of others. I went to him and I said to him: 'Uacle, I am very unhappy.'

"I' wager twenty louis that you are not, said he.

"Ah! uncle, I have an idea. I will write to her.'

"As you please.'

"Ist was not the hardest part of my task. I had already written to the interest of the part of my task. I had already written to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however, I came to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to wise in her belt tune, but to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to wise to hera hundred and fifty tumes, but to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to wise to hera hundred and fifty tumes, but to deliver the latter embarrassed me. Havno time to hesitate, however. I came to him and I said to him: 'Uacle, I am wise to her.'

"I' wager twenty louis that you are not, said he.

"Alt uncle, I have an idea. I will write to her.'

"As you please.'

"As you pleas

"'A splendid misfortune! The hand-somest uniform possible, and the officers are all gentlemen."

Later on you will love a woman better. But to what human name, in short, does

his angel answer?'
"'They call her Naomi.' "They call her Naomi."

"That is not what I am asking. Naomi is for yourself. Moreover, it is a pretty name. But for me, who wants to know who the angel is, to what family she belongs, the family name is the essential thing.

"It is Mdlle. Amelot, uncle."

"Indeed! That is far better than an angel. She is a brunette, tall and alen-

angel. She is a brunette, tall and slen-der, with dark, velvety eyes. I do not disapprove the object. I do not "Ah, uncle, if you only knew her

heart!"
"'I know, I understand—and does
she pay you back in kind? as they used
to say. Is that what you young folks to say. 15 in a call it nowadays?"

"That, uncle, I do not know."

"What! Not know? My unworthy

nephew! You have gone to see her every day and you do not even know whether she loves you!"

"She does not even know, uncle, that I love her."

that I love her.'

"Oh, you are mistaken as to that my handsome nephew; you know nothing at all about that. She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you knew it yourself.'

"All I know is, that I shall kill myself unless I can have her.'

"All I know is, that I shall kill my-self unless I can have her."
"Oh! oh! Well, now, nephew, there are a great many chances that you will never have her. Your father is much richer than she, and will never be willing to give her his son.'
"Then, uncle, I shall know what to

Yes, but take care; don't do any-thing foolish in any case. Listen to me

moment.'

a moment.

"Yes, uncle.'

"Yes, uncle.'

"Yes, uncle.'

"Yes, uncle.'

"Why not, pray?'

"Because I am not willing, and without my consent this marriage can not take place at all.'

"Oh' my good uncle—'

"If the girl loves you she will promise to wait for you three years—'

"Three years, uncle!"

"If you complain, I shall say four. If she promises to wait three years for you, you will go to your regiment, but not at Clermont. I will get you into a regiment a few leagues from Paris, so that you can come home once in three months, when you wish to do so.'

"Yery well, uncle; how shall I know whether she loves me?'

"How shall you know? Why, by asking her."

asking her.'
"Ah uncle, I should never dare to do it."
Very well, then: pack your trunks

"'Very well, then; pack your trunks and obey your father."
"But, uncle, you do not know what a girl she is. I have tried a hundred times to tell her that I loved her. I have cursed myself for my timidity; I have fortified myself in every way; I have prepared speeches and learned them by heart, but when the time came to speak the first word choked me, and I talked of something else. Her expression is so gentle and the same time so severe, it seems to me that she could never love a man, and I talked of something else."

thing else."
"In regard to letters it was much worse. When the moment came to give them they seemed so stupid to me that I could not tear them into small

that I could not tear them into small enough pieces."

"But, my boy, it is time to make up your mind at last, and there is a reason for it too. Your father has not told you all. He wishesto send you to Clermout because the Colonel of the regiment is a friend of his and has a daughter; because this daughter is intended for you and will make a rich and splendid match. But—you need not speak—I know that all that is nothing when one is in love. It is a tremendous folly no doubt, but it is a folly of which I should be sorry not to have been guilty. None but prigs are free from it. I know that the old call it illusion, but who knows that the illusions are not their own? that the illusions are not their own. The glass that diminishes the size of objects has no less real an existence than the glass that magnifies them.

even to day, when my blood has only just warmth enough to continue life and play trictrae, does not tail to move me in an extraordinary manner.

"I was twenty years old a little more than forty years ago. I had only just come from college, where young men spent more time then than in these days.

After having ripely considered for me and without my aid the choice of a vocation, my father announced to me one morning that he had obtained for me a Lieutenaucy in the regiment of quartered in a city of Auvergne, and bade me hold myself in readiness to set out on the third day.

"I was somewhat disturbed for several reasons. In the first place I did did not be stead at exsection. "If she loves you you ought to give up everything for her; it is a stupid thing to do, but it is right, and it must be done. But you must find out whether she loves you, and just now you have an excellent opportunity to do so. They want to marry her. You turn pale at the yidea and wish you had your odious rival at the sword's end—is that what you say nowadays? Well, then, try to keep up a little of this fine courage in the presence of you you ought to give up everything for her; it is a stupid thing to do, but it is right, and it must be done. But you must find out whether sections. They want to marry her. You turn pale at the yidea and wish you had your odious rival at the sword's end—is that magnifies them.

"If she loves you you ought to give up everything for her; it is a stupid thing to do, but it is right, and it must be done. But you must find out whether was excellent opportunity to do so. They want to marry her. You turn pale at the yidea and wishou had your odious rival at the sword's end—is that the glass that magnifies them.

"If she loves you you ought to give up everything for her; it is a stupid thing to do, but it is right, and it must be done. But you must find out whether was excellent. wish to give her is richer than you; besides, he is titled, and is a husband ready
to their hand; and the wedding outfit is
prepared, while for you they would have
to wait. Go to Naomi and tell her that
you love her. She knows it, but it
ought to be said in any case. And tell
her—for she must love you, young,
handsome, and witty as you are—tell
her to swear to wait three years for you,
and to write it to me in a letter, which I
will keep. Then I will break up that
other marriage; I will get you into another regiment, and in three years, in
spite of everything, I will have you
married.

married.'
"Well, uncle, I have an idea. I will

"A splendid misfortune! The handsomest uniform possible, and the officers are all gentlemen."
"But, uncle, I do not wish to be a soldier."
"What! You do not wish to be a soldier? Can it be that you are not brave?"
"I do not know yet; but you are the only one in the world whom I allow to ask me such a question."
"Well, then, Cid, my dear fellow, why do you not want to be a soldier?"
"Well, uncle it is because I want to marry."
"Oh."
"There is no oh in the matter, uncle; I am in love."
"I sthat what you call unhappiness, you ingrate? I only wish I were in love myself. And who is the object of your tender flame?"
"Yes, I know, it is always an angel."
"Yes, I know, it is always an angel."
"Yes, she loved you."
"I would say, 'she memed so happy when I came late.'
"Women love everybody.' "Wongen love everybody.' but they are far from loving everybody.'
"At last I almost forgot ber and married the Colonel's daughter, whom I lost after eight years of marriage. But I still think of Naomi, and I always see her a young girl of seventeen, with her brown hair and her dark, velvety eyes, while she must now be some good old lad."
"But, uncle,' I would say, 'she memed so happy when I came late.'
"Women love everybody.'
"At last I almost forgot ber and married the Colonel's daughter, whom I lost after eight years of marriage. But I still think of Naomi, and I always see her a young girl of seventeen, with her brown hair and her dark, velvety eyes, while she must now be some good old lad."
"But your name is not Descoudraise?"
"No, that is the name of my uncle's control of the colonel of the colonel of the colonel of the colonel."
"Then I will tell you what became of Naomi."
"Yes, she loved you."

"But the yellow rose?"
"She did not find your note. Your sudden departure cost her many tears.
Afterward she married M. de Lorgerel, hose widow I am to-day."
"What, you? Are you Naomi Ame

"Alsa, yes; as you are still, or rather, as you scarcely are, Edmond d'Altheim."
"Who would have believed that one day we would be unable to recognize each other?" "Yes; or that we should meet years

"Yes; or that we should meet years after only to play trictrac. As for the bouquet, I have always kept it."

And Madame de Lorgerel went to an ebony cabinet and brought forth from it a withered bouquet. She was trembling. She untied the bouquet and found the letter that had been there for forty-

ling. She untied the bouquet and found the letter that had been there for forty-two years.

They were both silent. M. Descoudraies arose.

Madam de Lorgerel took his hand and said: "You are right. This resurrection of our hearts' youth should not be before two aged faces like yours and mine. Let us shield from becoming ridiculous a noble affection which, perhaps, will bring us happiness all the rest of our lives. Come again after a few days.

Since that time the two old people have been inseparable. I have never seen anything like the love that is between them. They have a thousand things to tell that have never been explained; they love each other retrospectively; they would like to be married to each other.—French Translation in Inter-Ocean. in Inter-Ocean.

HAND-ORGANS.

nteresting Facts About an Industry Sel-dom Heard of Plucky Organ-Grinders. Up four flights of stairs in a building not far from Chatham square, one come into an odd-looking workshop. It is a triangular-shaped room, containing a number of benches, several boards of rosewood and black walnut and many beaps of shawings. The place is a hand-organ manufactory. "Trade is pretty dull just now," said its proprietor to a

reporter.
"My lively times are in the late win ter and early spring. I have been in the business here twenty-five years. It can't be said a regular business—it's all special. Sometimes we are overrun with work when we don't expect it, and with work when we don't expect it, and at times when we have every reason to expect work, there isn't any. You can't force the market in the hand-organ business. The trade don't change

business. The trade don't change much."
"What is the largest sum a hand-organ ever made in a day?"
"I heard of one who, when there was a racket in the gold-room, cleared from \$50 to \$60. But, of course, this was exceptional. The monkey part of the bus-iness is as good as ever; a monkey is al-ways a drawing card to the hand-organ iness is as good as ever; a monkey is always a drawing card to the hand-organ
player. I hear a new trick is to teach
the monkey to steal from houses.
The attraction of the business
seems to be the independent
mode of life. Many Italians not speaking English can get along much better
this way than any other. A curious
thing about it is, that they never think
of the really hard work they are doing
in carrying about all day a load of from
forty to fifty pounds. When a man begins the day with this weight on his
back, it easily seems one hundred gins the day with this weight on his back, it easily seems one hundred pounds in weight before night comes. Some of them carry organs that weigh as much as seventy pounds, but they generally break down when they try that. A man may carry an organ weighgenerally break down when they try that. A man may carry an organ weigh-ing forty pounds without hurting him-self."

self."
"What kind are most preferred?"
"The weight is the first consideration,
the lightest always being the favorites.
Next comes those having the most popular street airs. The tunes of Harrigan's Next comes those having the most popular street airs. The times of Harrigan's songs are the most sought after row, and have been a great feature this summer. One song especially hastaken well. It is 'Stick to your Mother, Tom.' Some of the second-hand organs that we have could tell most interesting histories, and have picked up small fortunes. Their owners travel all over, and show a wonderful amount of pluck and perseverance sometimes. I know of one remarkable instance. A number of y, ars ago an old fellow, over fifty years of age, came in here and bought a thirty-pound organ. He started from here with it upon his back, and for sometime I did not hear of him. Then to my surprise I got word that he was in California making money. The plucky old fellow had walked the entire distance to California, elimbed the Rocky meuntains and carrying his organ with him the entire distance. He got interested in speculating after he got there, beginning in a small way, and the last time I beard of him he was well

organ with him the entire distance. He got interested in speculating after he got there, beginning in a small way, and the last time I heard of him he was well off. He was a stubborn old fellow, and what started him off on his journey was a lawsuit with a church. The last time I saw him his figure was bent far over, but it could be seen that he retained the same old stubbornness of character."

"What do hand-organs cost?"

"A new one made to carry, is worth from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dellars, but we sell a good second-hand organ for from fifty dollars up. A flute-organ, weighing thirty pounds, with twenty-four keys, and that plays aine tunes, costs one hundred dollars, with a black-wainut case; with a rose-wood inlaid case, one hundred and twenty-five dollars. A flute-organ of forty pounds, with twenty-six keys and two stop pipes, playing ten tunes, costs one hundred and fifty dollars in black walnut; extra cylinders cost forty-five dollars each. An organ with flute and piccolo, forty-five pounds and thirty-five keys, costs one hundred and eighty dollars in black walnut. We sell what we call sideshow organs. They come in three different styles. No. 1 is of thirty-two keys, ten trumpets, nine tunes, with sub-bass trumpet and bells. It costs two hundred and eighty-six dollars. No. 2 isof forty-two keys, four stop pipes, nine tunes, with cymbals and snare drum. It costs six hundred dollars. No. 3 crowns the list. It is an automatic brass band, with sixty keys, four stop pipes, nine tunes, with cymbals and snare drum. It costs six hundred dollars. No. 3 crowns the list. It is an automatic brass band, with sixty keys, four stop pipes, nine tunes, and in a black-walnut case costs twenty-two hundred dollars. So you see we can get them up as big as a house, if such are wanted."

"Ho you make any hand-organs containing small dancing figures?"

"Not many nowadays. I had an order for one vesterday. but it is long since I

taining small dancing figures?"
"Not many nowadays. I had an order for one yesterday, but it is long since I have made one that it comes hard. Such a one with automatic figures costs about

—The mineralogists of Washington are keeping a careful watch upon the progress of the great water-works tunnel which traverses the rocky highlands in the northwestern part of the city, and a series of specimens is to be gathered, at intervals of fifty feet, throughout its entire length of 21,400 feet, for preservation in the National Museum. Already many minerals hitherto unknown in the District of Columbia have been brought to light. — Washington Star.

VITALITY OF FROGS.

How long it is possible for frogs to

matter of experiment many times; but in the face of well established instances in the face of well established instances like those quoted it is difficult to conduct experiments that will be considered as ing of a conclusive character. That for centuries only, but for ages, appear contradictory to all reason and common sense. In some cases frogs have been found in cretaceous rocks. The oldest fossil toads and frogs occur in tertiary rocks. If, therefore, those found in cretaceous rocks had been there from their formation it would be equivalent to saying that the live frog could be ages and ages older than its fossil relative. To most people such a declaration would be the height of absurdity. If thoroughly inquired into it would probably be discovered that in each case there was a fissure in the rocks or trees in which frogs have been found large enough for the admission of water and the embryo frog which has developed there. It has been assumed by some that the frog naturally contains an acid which by chemical action on the stone provides that the space at the frog's disposal shall be as large as its body. A second hypothesis is that not the egg, but the primary frog, scarcely larger than the egg itself, falls into the rock or tree and continues to grow, deriving air and food in the form of small insects from the water that penetrates to its abods. Certain it is that frogs, when artificially secured in air-tight and water-tight vessels, speedily die. Experiments made by members of the French Academy a century ago proved this. Miline Edwards early in the present century inclosed frogs in vessels impervious to air, and the creatures speedily perished. Three frogs were once inclosed in a close box for eighteen months, at the end of which time one was dead, and the remainder in a dying condition. Dr. Macartney buried a found in cretaceous rocks. The oldes fossil toads and frogs occur in tertiary months, at the end of which time one was dead, and the remainder in a dying condition. Dr. Macartney buried a toad in a vessel covered with a slate about a foot deep in the ground. At the end of a fortnight it seemed At the end of a fortnight it seemed well and as plump as before. When, however, he inclosed the same toad in an air-tight vessel and buried it, it soon died, and at the end of a week was much decayed. Dr. Buckland made some experiments which are claimed as conclusive. Ho sandstone. They were firmly sealed in.
The imprisoned animals were buried three feet deep on November 26, 1825.
At the same time four toads were deposited in holes cut in the heart of an

posited in holes cut in the heart of an apple tree and the opening securely plugged. Four others were also placed in plaster of Paris, covered with luting. On December 10, 1826, all the buriest toads were examined. All in the hard stone and in the tree and two in the plaster of Paris were dead. The remainder were deight hot come placed.

plaster of Paris were dead. The re-mainder were dying, but some placed in a softer stone were in tolerably good health, and some were actually fatter than when placed in the holes. From this it would appear that in positions where water can penetrate, frogs may live and even thrive, although buried at a considerable depth, entirely away from the light and any visible means of subsistence.—Chamber's Journal.

A TITLED MILLINER.

An Example Worthy of Imitation by Man

An educated and titled lady has opened a shop for the making and selling of bonnets in the West End. London. Despite conventional criticism, and nothing daunted by the fear of losing caste or dignity in the pursuit of such a vocation the traffic in bonnets, millinery and small fancy wares, she is spoken of in the English press as a highly contented and financially successful woman. The indications are that our English countryomen are at least a trifle ahead of u women are at least a trille ahead of us in attempts to widen the fields of labor for the choice and occupancy of women of good class, and that the rough edges of prejudice and the false notions con-cerning the appointed place for women in the domain of the world's industries and employments, are fast giving way to juster and more rational views of what women can do, and ought to be encouraged and commended in doing. His-tory constantly repeats itself in the ex-periences of well-born and well-educated girls, who from accessive beriences of well-born and well-educated girls, who, from necessity arising from the misfortunes or change! conditions of their families, have been compelled to resort to the distasteful and dependent places of governess, companion or reader. Such would find far greater freedom from the petty restraints and heartless insolence to which they are often subjected by turning their minds and energies to the art of dress or bonnet making. If a natural gift, supplemented by patient study and practice, prove that she has found her proper place, such a woman will soon profit by the confidence reposed in her tasts and ability by a constantly increasing list of friends and patrons, and the petuniary returns of her labor will vastly out in the "respectable callings," to which we have above referred. A lady writing in an English journal, says: "I hear that famous champion of women's rights, Miss Lydia Becker, is giving freedom from the petty restraints and heartless insolence to which they are often subjected by turning their minds and energies to the art of dress or bonnet making. If a natural gift, supplemented by patient study and practice, prove that she has found her proper place, such a woman will soon profit by the confidence reposed in her taste and ability by a constantly increasing list of friends and patrons, and the pecuniary returns of her labor will vastly outweigh the customary pittance doled out in the "respectable callings," to which we have above referred. A lady writing in an English journal, says: "I hear that famous champion of women's rights, Miss Lydia Becker, is giving countenance and support to a movement which has for its object the teaching of dressmaking to young women of good class who have to be among the working bees of the universal hive. It was thought probable that type-writing would prove a remunerative and profitable means of support, but women who took it up, as many did in the spirit of amateurs, [and without any previous training, were discouraged on finding that neither this, nor any other art, can be mastered without serving an apprenticeship to it. The dressmaking scheme that neither this, nor any other art, can be mastered without serving an apprenticeship to it. The dressmaking scheme is one that necessitates a eady, patient training, if it is to be productive of the best results. There is no royal road to learning, and one must climb the mountain of knowledge by slow degrees—one may not hope to clear it by bounds. When there is a necessity for girls to do something for their own support, or where means are small and families large, it is well for a girl who has a particular talent to take up the art of dressmaking or millinery. Certainly, there is a great deal of discouragement to be borne before skill and proliciency are arrived at; but, after all, the proto be borne before skill and prolicience are arrived at; but, after all, the processes are not so slow as those whereby women reach success in many other branches of learning."—N. Y. Evening Post.

—General Badeau possesses one of the most important documents connected with American history. It is the original of General Grant's dispatch to Secretary Stanton announcing the surrender of General Lee's army.

WHEAT TESTS.

A Michigan correspondent gives the results of experiment with three kinds of wheat during the last season: Nigger, Red Diehl and Clawson were the varieties grown. Will first speak of the Nigger wheat. It is a red, bearded, white chaff variety, tall, stiff, bright straw, hardy, free from rust, large berry and good yielder. It should be har-vested before dead ripe or it will shell badly, as the kernels are so large and the chaff so thin they burst open if left

the chaff so thin they burst open if left stand too long.

Will take up Lot No. 1 and go into detail. Number of acres, fourteen and a half; was plowed for corn in the spring of 1883; one-half of it was manured, fifteen loads per acre, and plowed under. The fall following was sowed to wheat after corn was cut. After harvest, in the summer of '84, was plowed for wheat and the balance of the field manured and plowed under. Was drilled in with Nigger wheat the 10th to 12th of November. Fair amount of tillage. There were 330 dozens on the field, which threshed out 321 bushels, machine measure, or 351 bushels by the field, which threshed out 321 bushels, machine measure, or 351 bushels by weight; it overrun about seven pounds to the bushel as measured by the thresher. Omitting fractions, it yielded twenty-four bushels per acre.

Lot No. 2 contains six and one-fourth

Lot No. 2 contains six and one-fourth acres; was plowed for corn in the spring of '84; twenty loads of manure (mostly horse) to the acre was plowed under, after corn was cat; was cultivated once with a two-horse riding cultivator, which was followed by a Buckeye drill and one and one-half bushels Nigger wheat drilled in per acre. The time was 17th to 20th of September, in the fall of '84. There were 240 dozens, which yielded 225 bushels, machine measure, and 251 bushels by weight, or forty bushels per acre of plump wheat. This remarkable yield on corn ground is not because of extra tillage—but the manure that was plowed under when planted to corn is the direct cause.

Lot No. 3 contains six and one-half acres; has been tilled the same as Lot No. 2, with the exception that no manure was put on when plowed for corn, but in previous years it had been manured heavily. Variety, Red Diehl. This is a smooth, small, round berry, stiffstraw, white chaff, and yields big for the amount of straw grown. Just he variety for yery rich soil. Lot No. 3

This is a smooth, small, round berry, stiffstraw, white chaff, and yields big for the amount of straw grown. Just the variety for very rich soil. Lot No. 3 was sown to wheat the 8th to 10th of September, one and one-half bushels seed being used to the acre. There were 270 dozens, which yielded 205 bushels by measure and 225 by weight, or thirty-four bushels per acre.

The above tests were accurately and carefully made and can be relied on. The other I give is guesswork in bushels but correct in acres and dozens.

Lot No. 4 worked the same as Lot No. 1. Variety, Clawson. This is a white, red chaff variety, does not stool well, is rather soft for milling, but a good yielder. The field gave 340 dozens, which 1 think yielded 325 bushels, based on the amount I had in all.

The number of acres was fifty or fiftyone, which yielded 1,361 bushels by measure and 1,450 by weight.

The Nigger ranks No. 1, the Red Diehl No. 2 and the Clawson No. 3.

This is in the order they have done for me.

In addition to the above tests I sowed

In addition to the above tests I sowed one bushel of Royal Australian, which yielded ten bushels of fine wheat. In behalf of this variety, would say it had a very poor chance; was sown in an or-chard, also late. Think it a big yielder if given a chance; am much with it so far. — Ohio Farmer.

LONG REDINGOTES.

The Materials Used by Tallors for Long

The redingotes made by tailors are of simple shapes, with double-breaster fronts, and smoothly fitting without pleats behind, but open up the middle of the back from the tournure down. Dull red cloth is also a favorite color for these long garments, with otter or besver fur arranged as a binding down the fronts and back, with standing fur collar and narrow cuffs. Other red long coats have an enaborate pattern of braid-ing in black soutache down each of the single-breasted fronts, with Persian lamb cuffs and colla... Very full long cloaks are made for carriage wraps, and cloaks are made for carriage perfectly straight, plaited to a band around the neck, and furnished with a

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

The seventy-nine evening schools of New York City are attended by 25,000 pupils.—N. Y. Tribune.

The average salary of the Missouri Conference is \$500, just the pay of colored porters in city hotels and warehouses.—Richmond Advocate.

Hereafter at Amherst College no diploma will be given at graduation to those students who do not properly attend to their gymnasium duties during their course.

Hamilton College has in its museum a series of ivory figures delineating the stage of the opium easer's descent through emsciation and degradation to

intrough emisciation and degradation to death.

—There is some demand that the schools return to the old-fashioned system of oral spelling, as being better in its results than the method by which students are taught words as a whole.—

Chicago Current.

—The United Methodist free churches represent the union of three denominations of Methodists, and they constitute the vorusest of all the overanized of the voruse of

represent the union of three denomina-tions of Methodists, and they constitute the youngest of all the organized off-shoots from the old Wesleyan body. There are 76,385 members and 382

-The Free Church of Scotland has —The Free Church of Scotland has determined to found a permanent church in Geneva, the city sacred to the memory of John Calvin and the sphere of the labors of John Knox. The services are to accommodate the English speaking people. A number of Americans reside in this city.

in this city.

"Young women get more culture and young men more special facility in college. The broader educationmust always be literary—must deal chiefly with concepts and their expression, and women pursue the literary education while men more and more specialize with reference to some bread-winning craft." So says Dr. D. H. Wheeler.

Dr. D. H. Wheeler.

—The whole educational question appears to be resolved jinto this formulation: Plain simple instruction in the elementary principles. No cramming. No fancy studies. Short lessons, well prepared. If any genius be developed, seeking higher methods and wider culture, he will, with the weapons provided, make his way. But it is folly to overdo instruction with the average mind, which, like some Virginia land, described by John Randolph, is "poor by nature and ruined by cultivation."—

Augusta (Ga) Constitutionalist.

WIT AND WISDOM

—The world may owe a man aliving, but it is always best to go out and collect it by a little hard work.—N. O. Picayune.

-Harry: "When do soldiers become beasts of burden. Larry: "Beasts of burden? Let's see. Why, when they 'carry the town!" "—Golden Days.

—Lady caller—"I much prefer colored servants to white ones, don't you, Mrs. B?" Mrs. B.—"Well, really, Mrs. R., it depends upon the color, you know. I can't endure green ones.—Ex-

change.

—Gus De Smith—"I want to hire you to take me out to the Lunatic Asylum and back. How much do you charge for the round trip?" Colored Hackman—"De Lor! Yer ain't gwinter come back arter you once get out dar, is yer, Honey?"—Texas Siftings.

—A book has just been published which advocates the eating of non-carnivorous insects. As Abraham Lincoln once remarked: "For those who like this sort of thing it is quite probable that this sort of thing is just about the sort of thing they would like."—Boston Post.

—"By gum." said a girl in a blue

Post.

—"By gum," said a girl in a blue silk dress and white shawl, as she watched the ceaseless gliding of the elevator up and down, Thursday, "I should think the man who pulls that up and down all day would be awfully tired at night time."—Lewiston Journal.

—The Philadelphia Call says: The wealth of our language is shown by the

—The Philadelphia Call says: The wealth of our language is shown by the fact that "hang it up" and "chalk it down" mean precisely the same thing. And it might have added that the thing "hung up" or "chalked down" can be "drunk up" or "drunk down" as it suits the customer.—N. Y. Gruphic.

auits the customer.—N. Y. Graphic.
—Wisely said once a tough old sea-Captain to the assembled passengers at the ship's table: "You've got to take things mighty early; the first week I was married me and my mother-in-law had a rough and tumble fight to find out which one of us had married her daughter, and I guess I settled it."—Boston Herold.

—The marvelous fowl.

The oracular owl.

Is a very wise fowl.

He sits on a limb.

By night and by day.

And an eager assembly waits on him.

To listen to what the wise bird may say,
theard him discourse in the following v.

The sun soon will set in the west.

Twill be fair if the sky is not cloudy.
If a hundred are good, only one can be
No gentleman's ever a rowdy.

"Ab! ab!" cried the birds, "what a marve

Towl!

Oh, who could excel this oracular owl?"

—A. J. Wells, in St. Nichola

THE OLD STORY.

The True Inwardness of an Editor's Popularity.

My son, if I should publish a daily paper for twenty years—if you can just strain your credulity to the point of believing that I could keep a daily paper going longer than six weeks—if I should publish a daily paper moved the paper going longer than six weeks—if I should publish a daily paper twenty years, and in all that time take occasion to mention you about twice a week as "our time the chances with this club."

Rover got a neck-hold and shook the stranger until his yells were heard a block away, and when he was finally permitted to sneak off the woman flung down her club and mounted the steps with the remark: satin; this is four and a half yards wide, perfectly straight, plaited to a band around the neck, and furnished with a hood. Made of Irish green cloths lined with fawn satin, this is useful for the carriage in the daytime, while opers and evening cloaks made in the same way are of cream white plush lined with piak satin, or of bronze plush with salmon satin. Large Russian garments of dark cloths or of velvet have natural lynx or else black lynx trimming that come from the inside of the garment to look like a part of the lining; these have a high collar turned up about the head as high as the ears, with the fur next the wearer.—Harper's Bazar.

—Not long ago Messrs. Harper & Bros., received from a married lady a contribution in the shape of a story, which they were compelled to return. The declined manuscript, accompanied by the polite but pointed "regrets" of the firm, elicited the following reply by return mail: "You are a mean set, I did think of naming the baby 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story thad been accepted, but now, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story thad been accepted, but mow, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story that been accepted, but now, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story that been accepted, but mow, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story that been accepted, but now, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story that been accepted, but now, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story that been accepted, but now, no baby of mine will ever bear, the name of 'Harper,' and should have done so if my story that the collars are in good condition and fit. See that they are given a componition of the steries and them to the community." That is the resson, my son, why there are but the local edi

UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

phorism Whose Truth is Vindicated Every-Day Life.

There is a great deal of intellectual ctivity that is nothing better than idle curiosity; like the fly, its only ambition

s to buzz and get into things.

The great art in getting rich is not in saving money, but knowing how to spend it.

poend it.

Don't mistake stupidity for patience;
satience is the humility of wisdom.

Any one may commit a blunder, but
no one but a fool is bit twice by the
same dog. ame dog.

The man whom idleness don't lead into mischief is either a very pure or a into mi

talk to save it.

Experience costs more than it is worth, but most people refuse to learn at any

less price.

Advice, just at present, is the greatest drug in the market, the supply has ruined the demand.

Lies are like certain horses; they can travel farther in one day than they can

get back in two.

Take all the fun out of this world and

Take all the fun out of this world and every pound of life would weigh ten.
You can buy a dog for two dollars and a half, but there isn't money enough in the world to buy the wag of his tail.
The poor are more extravagant than the rich, and this is just what keeps them poor; for the sake of one feast they are willing to starve three days.
A suit of clothes that fits a man perfectly is worth more to him than a pedigree that fits him indifferently.
Wisdom without learning is like a sword without a handle, and learning without wisdom is like a handle without a sword.

sword.
Reform! I is the battle-cry of civils sation-reform for others, immunity for

sation—reform for others, immunity for ourselves.

The ridiculous side of life goes fast toward making it endurable.

A fool may possibly amuse others, but he can't amuse himself.

Beware of the man who listens much and talks little; he is getting your thunder and saving his own lightning.

A peacock's pedigree is all in the spread of his tail; a wet day takes the glory out of it.

lory out of it. Condensation is almost omnipoten t. single words are autocrats, and a tence is law for all mankind. tence is law for all mankind.

Men are very vain of their opinions, and yet there is searcely any two of them who think alike.

What the world wants just now is

What the world wants just now is less civilization and more of the virtues. Beware of the man of a few words; he always has something in reserve.

Truth oan travel to the end of the earth all alone, but a lie must have company to keep up its courage.

Religion is most excellent to mix with business, but to mix business with religion is not safe.

We get our vices from each other, but our virtues by cultivation.

our virtues by cultivation.

My friend, does it pay to be a great
man? You must be hated by some,
feared by many, and, at best, envied by Labor will buy anything that is in Labor was as a market.
Pedigrees seldom improve by age.
Vice and virtue began life together, and will leave the world when the last

man does. Wisdom can afford to go slow; but if

Wisdom can afford to go slow; but if a fool doesn't run he is sure to get left. The man who is ever muttering to himself is talking to a fool.

The man who has no superstitions loses half the pleasures of life.

Honesty, like charity, begins at home; the man who is not honest with himself can not be with others.—Century.

SHE WAITED. A Detroit Woman Who Wanted to See a

Square Fight.
The other day a dog which was following a carriage turned aside and ran into a yard on Park street. He might have expected to pick up a fall and win-ter stock of bones, but in this he was disappointed. He was about turning away when a dog owned in the house flew out and rushed upon him in the most reckless manner, and in the course of ten seconds there was a bite as hite of ten seconds there was a bite-as-bite-can contest of the fiercest description. A woman considerably past the prime of life came out of the house as the dogs rolled around, pleked up a club lying on the grass near by, and seemed about to enter the struggle. She raised the club two or three times, but let it fall as oft, and finally stoodan interested spectator of the fight. Among the dozen pedestrians halting at the gate was a man who called out: "Say! stop 'em—stop em!"

The woman raised her club, but hesitated to strike.

"Why don't you stop 'em?" shouted.

"Nobody nor nothing has been killed "Nobody nor nothing has been killed as I knows on, and every one of you could see that it was a square fight, and victory for the best dog. Please don't rub the paint off that gate."—Detroit Free Press.

The Unpardonable Offense

The other day the steward of one of our clubs solicited an interview with a member. It was granted, and the steward stated, with a reluctant and steward stated, with a reluctant and shamefaced air, that a certain young Englishman, well known about town, and who had been introduced to the club as a guest by the member in question, had borrowed money from him (the steward) and refused to repay it.

"How do you mean by borrowing?" demanded the member. "Did he sak you?"

Yes, sir."

"When?"
"Several times."
"And how much does it as altogether?"
The stoward produced a m

altogether?"

The steward produced a memorandum. It was for \$5, in three installments. The club man gasped: "Good heavens! I thought he was a gentleman," and fainted. He paid the bill when he came to, and told me next day: "If it had been a hundred or so I might have forgiven him; but now I shall never speak to him again; no, never, upon my honor!"—To-Day.